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Implores dear daddys Aid;
To make a Doctor of the young Fleur,
Whilst nurse presents the Babe.



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VANELLA in the STRAW.

A

P O E M,

Inscrib'd to

A certain LADY in *St. James's-Street*,

L A T E L Y

Deliver'd of a FINE BOY.

Alexis saw me, I saw him ;
We view'd, and trembled ev'ry Limb :
Tell me, ye Wits, and Men of Sense,
What then could be the Consequence :
We shook our trembling Limbs together,
And got the *Likeness* of the Father.

ANONIMUS.

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VANELLA in the STRAW.

HAIL! Royal Maid, Divinely Fair and
Good,

Repository of the Royal Blood,

Safe Storehouse of a Prince's first born Son,

Such Sacred Off-spring fit for thee alone;

Indulge the Youth, and may his God-like Sire

With his own Sense the gentle Brat inspire;

Ne'er spare the Cost, nor stint him in Expence;

But when you swaddle him, think 'tis the P---ce;

So shall you chief the *British* Court adorn,

And every Year another Duke be born.

Old Sages say, that Children Bastards are,

If they no Likeness to the Father bear;

And that the Mother is an errant W-----,
 But you can ne'er be blam'd on this sad Score :
 His Face and Look speak him all over his ;
 His Nose shews who gave the eager Kifs ;
 But above all his broad illustrious Stare,
 That from each Eye-ball shoots a living Glare,
 Which his kind Father learned him so soon,
 Shews he begat him in the Full o' th' Moon.
 Pursue, fair Maid, the Purpose of your Soul,
 And still persist in Vice without Controul ;
 Bring a fine Race of Children to the Town,
 And fix their Fate, as you have fix'd your own ;
 One shall a Marquis be, and one a Duke,
 This have the Father's Nose, and that his Look.

Then when you're high in Fame above the Crowd,
 Laugh at dull Censure tho' 'tis ne'er so loud ;
 Glory in the great Sin you have committed,
 And sneer at Rivals that you have outwitted ;

M----t



M—t and *M—s*, each a pretty Tit,
Who long'd for some of that same Princely Bit;
Stand, bite their Nails, with Grief and Shame to see
Themselves exceeded and outdone by thee.
Both Dead and Living to thy Honour yield,
C-----d and *M-----e* give up the Field;
And all the *W-----s* of old or modern Date,
Fall wilful Victims to thy *happier* Fate;
Old *K-----ll*, overcome with Wealth and Years,
Shakes her fat Sides, and laughs'till burst with Tears.
Proud and elate another Lady's come,
To share the Fortune of her Face and Bum;
Oh happy thou to make such lucky Choice,
(For Maids can make the greatest Fools of Boys.)

Almirus pleas'd to see thee in his Arms,
To him without Reluctance yields thy Charms;
For Lovers, when they're tir'd of the *Miss*,
To any Swain resign the extatic Bliss.

So

So have I seen a Hind with Hunger great,
Fall foul on some *well roasted* Peice of Meat ;
Gorge, Stuff, and eat the Mutton to the Bone,
And swear that Friend or Foe they shall have none.
Yet soon as the poor Wretch begins to cloy,
He heeds it not, but throws the Pickings by.

But some most loudly speak in your Applause,
And say you wisely held your Legs so close,
And play'd so well your mistick Part in Bed,
Alexis took it for a Maidend-head.

If that's your Cunning, great was your Desart,
And no blaspheming Tongue your Fame can hurt ;
No Dame so proud, or of her Virtue nice,
Can in a P-----e's Presence be precise ;
There is a Fate that drives'em to surrender ;
Your Glory is, 'twas he made the first Tender ;
For some have yielded e'er they have been ask'd,
And open burst, like Wines too slightly cask'd.

O

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O would your modest Heart let you confess
The Joys you felt when caught in your Undress;
How every Vein run trickling to your Heart,
But more the Effects of his *All-piercing* Dart.
Then lost in *Transport*, it was *Rapture* all,
But who can paint for what e'en Thought's too small.

That you are *learn'd* nobody can gainsay,
For you computed right unto a Day;
Old Midwives this a certain Maxim tell:
“ If you'd your Offspring have in Worth excell,
“ You must, when with the Burthen heavy fraught,
“ Let none but Heroes enter in your Thought;
“ Grandeur and Wealth, and Fame and Wine must be
“ The Subject of your Wish, and Company.

If so, to what will your great Son arrive,
For what great Places will that Bantling live;
Each Day your Thoughts were fix'd upon a Robe,
In every Dream you grasp'd a golden Globe;
Dukes,

Dukes, Lords, and 'Squires rose a motly Train,
And form'd a Coronation in your Brain :
Nay, that young Sir might have a perfect Mould,
When he attain'd few Days of nine Months old,
That he might breath and move in courtly Air,
St. *f* — 's-*S* — *t* receives the pale and fair,
From the dull Smoke of dirty *So---O! Square.* }
There great *Alexis* condescends to view
The lovely Maid, and finds her Charms anew,
There finds the Effects of tilling fruitful Land,
And strays o'er all her Beauties with his Hand ;
Conscious of Father's Touch the Babe of Sin,
With sympathetick Transport, leaps within ;
And the next Day with Arms and Legs unfurl'd
Proud to be born, springs headlong to the World.

But e'er he came what Grief, what Fears arose !
(The Midwife makes to Heav'n her Prayers and
Vows ;)

Fears

Fear seizes on all, but chiefly Madam crys,
Send me a Son, O Goddes of the Skys!

The Goddes hears her wish, the Matron joins,
And offer their loud Io's at her Shrine,
Old Mother Midnight drowns the Noise of many,
Nurse takes a Dram, and then's as loud as any,
The Din at last reaches kind Daddy's Ear,
Who to the Lady flys with full Career;

Good old Creation shews him his own Face,
" And cry's 'tis like you, Sir, ah! bless your Grace.

" The Nose! how like! --the Mouth! I swear your
" own,

" Nay *Wife* too--see it knows its *Silver Spoon*;

" The Head just *fraught*, and *moulded* too, like
" yours,

" The Hand! O 'tis the very same ye Pow'rs!

" It is so like, were it to suck my Tit,

" I should mistake and suckle you for it,

By such like Prattle she obtains a Purse,
 And several Curt'sies gain the same to Nurse ;
 The joyful News strait fly's thro' Town and Port,
 The Ladies to the weaken'd Fair resort.

Thus Grandeur can secure the worst from Shame,
 And Gold secures to all a spotless Name ;
 None suffer Scandal but the mean and poor,
 And she who wants a Gown must be W---e:
 Madam, who Sins at *Drury* or the *Fleet*,
 When plac'd in Coach and Six, and dress'd most
 neat,

Laughs at the drudging Fools who sin for hire,
 And makes some smooth-fac'd Side-box Beau expire.

But may a gentler Fate thy Life attend,
 And every Star prove thy auspicious Friend!
 May'st thou (still fair) *Alexis's* Heart retain ;
 May he e'er prove to thee a faithful Swain ;

And

And may the glorious Product of thy Womb,
 His Grace, his Air, his courtly Mein assume ;
 May such intrepid Valour fire his Breast,
 As in his Father's Face stands plain confest ;
 May such his Conduct be, and such his Fame,
 When Annals (if he has any) speak his Name ;
 May the same *Stare* dart from his rolling Eyes,
 May he be just as *Good*, and just as *Wise*.

Vain are the envious Tongues who basely spread
 A false Report, because thy Power they dread,
 And say another Sire begat the Child,
 And that *Alexis* is by much too mild ;
 What will not Malice for her Turn invent ;
 What Stratagems to favour her Intent :
 Because a Maid--- once gets a Slip, must she
 For ever Vile, for ever guilty be ?
 No ! tho' *Almirus* made the Fair a Mother,
 She's now as free for this, as for the other.

Alexis

Alexis too, conscious he'as gain'd your Love,
 Requires no Oaths your Constancy to prove ;
 The *Bed of Daisies* speaks you his alone,
 The following Night confirm'd you all his own :
 In vain do's one Address, another Court,
 His is the Joy, and his alone the Sport ;
 In vain your Rivals laugh, and make their Jest ;
 The *Settlement* sets you above the rest,
 Let 'em still laugh, and jeer your hapless Fate,
 Since you have got your Side-board stor'd with
 Plate,

For every Sneer they give, expose the Gem,
 Or shew your Jewels, and then laugh at 'em.

One only Destiny good Heaven avert,
 And kindly take thy sacred Offspring's Part ;
 Grant he may none of that sad Spirit feel,
 Which *Dad* possessest, when drubb'd by *Man of Meal*,

Nor

Nor may he ne'er be by such Fears beguil'd,
 As Mamma when she found herself with Child ;
 May he ne'er feel the dreadful racking Pain
 Of Jealousy, that rent thy Heart in twain ;
 When *M--s* and when *M--t* strove t' out-do
 Thy Charms, and take the longing Prince from you.
 Ne'er did *Othello* make a greater Moan
 For's Handkerchief, when finding it was gone,
 Than you to see the golden Snuff-box given,
 And from thy Arms the fair *Alexis* driven.
 Then Jealousy, that Bane of Peace and rest,
 That dire Tormentor of a quiet Breast,
 With Anarchy supreme possessest your Soul,
 And reign'd a Lord at large without Controul.

But when poor Women frail and jealous grow,
 To quell their Passion, our Sex quickly know ;
 A Sovereign Balsam lies below conceal'd,
 That yields its Aid, and all is quickly heal'd.

Alexis (like the Sun) to all displays
 His vital Warmth, and glads 'em with his Rays:
 So bright, so full of splendent lucid Grace,
 That few weak-fighted Birds can view his Face,
 Like Owls aghast some shun his piercing Night,
 But you still Eagl' ey'd confront his Light,
 Soar upwards, Spite of every darting Ray,
 And boldly wanton in the Face of Day.

Amongst the Croud that to the Fair resort,
 A good old Lady comes red hot from Court,
 Prepar'd to give the Maid some wholesome Rules,
 And after Compliments her thus be-schools:

“ How dare you such a Fault commit, and now
 “ Instead of Blushing for't, *the Fact avow*?
 “ When City Dame commits such a sad Slip,
 “ She in the Country wisely takes a Trip,
 “ There fees the Parish, and wears out the Stain,
 “ And then returns a spotless Maid again;
 “ Bless

“ Bless me! had in my Youth such things been done,

“ Women had only been for game and fun.

Madam, replies the Fair, now grown more bold,
If not, when *young*, you practise it *now old*.

The Dame takes pet, in Fury flies away,
For that Reproach impedes her farther Stay.

Next, out of Compliment more than Respect,
Two Rival M---s of Ho---r richly deckt,
Pluming with Hopes to see poor Miss dismay'd,
Attend the Fair to have their Visit paid;
Chairs set,---Scandal in Vollies flies around,
And all for Vice are more or less renown'd;
The sage cold Virgin's quickly stil'd a Prude,
The free and frolick is accounted rude.

Thus, while the LADIES their deep Scandal
vent,

On racking Reputation all intent,

Alexis enters to console the Fair,

They burst with Envy to behold him there.

Now each lays out her Bait, while he by turns
 With *equal Flame* for *each fair Rival* burns ;
 But still *Vanella* only claims his Heart,
 The rest share but a more ignoble Part.

So in a Farmer's Yard the Cock elate
 Struts round among his Hens in mighty State ;
 Some hide their Heads, and spout in fullen mean,
 While *kind* to *all*, he loves but *one alone* ;
 Cheers her with *Groans*, and other pretty Things,
 And wisely fathers every *Chick* she brings.



F I N I S.

